

THE

MRS. F. KAUTZKY

INSIDE-OUTLOOK



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Brampton
Ontario



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The Inside-Outlook

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Thoughts on the Season of the Year

From time immemorial, human beings have shared some primitive racial awareness of re-birth. Ancient men saw from caves the power of winter. Days were long and dark, nights were icy cold, and its grip was like death. Ice held Nature captive in its chains.

Then--suddenly, spectacularly, the spring rains came. Snow and ice turned to water; and the soil, miraculously restored, gave birth. The animals reappeared and young lambs were born in every flock.

In North America, the most stunning symbols are crocuses, hyacinths, and tulips bursting, with mysterious power, through ground that a few days before a strong man with a pick could scarcely open. Spring brings new life.

Coinciding with this season of Nature, the Jewish people celebrate their glorious Passover, commemorating in their sacred Seder the restoration of a whole nation to freedom after dark centuries of slavery.

Despite many setbacks and much wandering and suffering, the people were richly rewarded for their generations of slavery when they saw and repossessed the "Promised Land"--a land overflowing with "milk and honey."

For Christians also, this is a most meaningful time. They commemorate Jesus Christ, put to death and then risen from the grave, a Victor over death. By His victory, men of many faiths and many nations are given a vision of hope--hope that for all people there is a deeper meaning to human life.

For the Christian, for the Jew, indeed for every human being, this is a season of HOPE. We may all hope that after a symbolic "death" of winter, or the death of slavery (whatever form it may take) or even the real death of the body (for those we have known and loved) that there is possible a new life of the spirit for every human being.

Today, many people know loneliness, alienation, even despair, from the "death" of values and dreams in a complex society. The three-fold joy of Spring-Passover-Easter gives powerful reasons for renewed hope.

It is my sincere hope that at Vanier all members of this community of people will always find a springtime atmosphere. An atmosphere that is warm and caring enough to encourage growth and to inspire hope in the hearts of residents who must spend time here --time that need not be wasted or "dead." An atmosphere that is strong enough to provide support and security to withstand the often strong spring winds and rains.

When we run into difficulties, as we all have and surely will in the future, we might think of William Ernest Henley. He suffered much from a badly crippled leg and from other heavy sorrows; yet he could write these lines:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from Pole to Pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul

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In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed

It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishments the scroll
I am the Master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul."

From deep in the heart of each person there is a strong reservoir of self-respect, and in the Spring of the year there is natural overflow into the joy of a "hope that springs eternal."

B. J. Doyle,
Superintendent.

RECREATION

Why aren't people making more use of our recreation program? I guess this is a million dollar question. We have a lot of different activities for different people. Of course, everyone has her own interests. I feel the rec. reps. do their best at recreation meetings to get the kinds of recreation residents would enjoy. After the different types of activities are put on the schedules, the participation is low. It seems everyone has lots of ideas, but nobody wants to participate. Where's our joint spirit!!! There isn't anybody in this place that isn't capable of having a little fun. Maybe some people feel that going to recreation is being involved in a program they want nothing to do with. The recreation program is a resident's program decided by residents in the recreation meeting. We aren't doing anything someone else wants us to do. We're doing something residents have put together for our enjoyment. It also makes time pass a lot faster, plus we can lose a few pounds at the same time. It's nice to watch T.V. once in awhile, but I'm wondering if some of our residents are turning into T.V. "freaks". May be we need a T.V. rep. on the cottage instead of a recreation rep! It's up to you. Put a little variety into your life and support your rec. rep. They represent you and need some support. If anyone has any complaints or suggestions about our recreation program, please write to YOUR newspaper and let us know. We're more than willing to answer and print your letters in the paper.

Kathy L.

FIRE

Fire!! Don't I hear "fire" or "escape"? It seems as though these two things are connected in a strange way. Most people have on their minds a strong desire to escape from fires. But being in an institution, some people get carried away with their escaping from fires. How do people feel when they hear a fire alarm go off? How do they feel when they know it's a false alarm to satisfy someone else's wants? Why should we residents be upset and forced to run from a false fire because somebody wants to escape? Surely if somebody wants to run, they don't have to use the fire alarms which are here for our protection, to do this. It shows a lot of uncaring and selfishness on the part of residents who decide to take this route. That fence can be climbed just as easily in daylight as at night. What difference would it make?

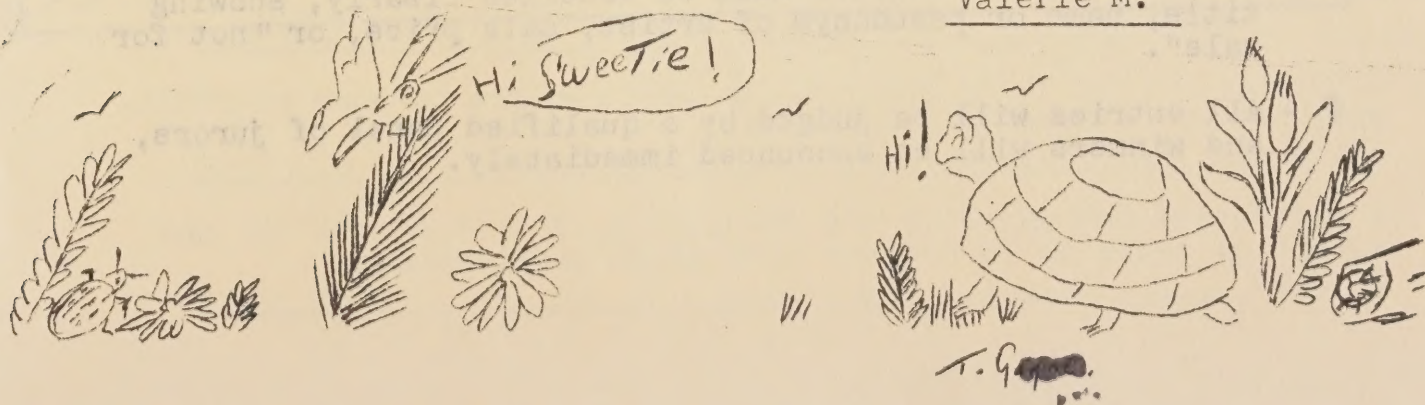
The chances of getting away for life are nil, and the chances of getting away for long are about the same. If you want more time, forfeit your good time. Please don't involve everyone on the complex, because you want more time. It's hard enough living in a group setting without the additional hassles of a few people. Why should we be subjected to things we have no control over? Fires aren't funny! Many people go into shock and hysteria just at the sound of an alarm. Nobody has the right to jeopardize somebody else's health. That's a crime against humanity.

This problem is growing on the complex. Some people will express their true feelings, while others are holding back, protecting their popularity. It's gotten out of hand. The novelty has worn off. What can we do about it? Carry on and wait for it to happen again? Anybody who has concerns about our fire problem, please write about them to the paper and we'll express them in the next issue.

K. ~~Lamb~~

A couple was shopping in a store situated near a penitentiary when they came across some cards made by the inmates. On the outside of one, it read "I would write more often," and on the inside was a ball and chained prisoner with the following--"but it takes so long to finish a sentence.

Valerie M.



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PRISON ARTS 74

Sponsored by the Prison Arts Foundation

An invitation is extended to inmates of all adult correctional institutions in Canada to participate in PRISON ARTS 74, our fifth prison arts project. All inmate artists, writers and craftsmen are eligible, as well as parolees.

CATEGORIES: VISUAL ARTS - paintings, sketches, carvings, sculpture, prints, etc.

CREATIVE WRITING - poetry, prose, plays, etc.

CRAFTS - photography, needlework, ceramics, leather, wood and metal work, etc.

MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS

Entries must be received no later than May 1, 1974. Selected arts and crafts will appear in the Prison Arts travelling exhibition. A choice of writings is made for publication in "Words From Inside", our annual booklets.

ALL ENTRIES ARE SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING CONDITIONS:

- 1 - Any inmate of an adult correctional institution in Canada is eligible.
- 2 - Entries must be received no later than April 24, 1974, at this address: Prison Arts 74, Activities Building.
- 3 - Entrants may submit any number of original works, each accompanied by individual entry forms.
- 4 - Artists may choose any theme, expressing life inside or outside prison.
- 5 - Visual arts may be in any media. Paintings, sketches, etc. should be on standard-size panels, mounted or matted, and if possible, framed.
- 6 - Arts and crafts entries must be labelled clearly, showing title, name or pseudonym of artist, sale price, or "not for sale".
- 7 - All entries will be judged by a qualified panel of jurors, and winners will be announced immediately.

- 8 - Works selected for the travelling exhibition are to remain with the show for the duration of the tour, which will be completed by October 31, 1974.
- 9 - Sales of arts and crafts entries will be made on a "no commission" basis through the Prison Arts Foundation by mail auction at the end of the tour. Entrants are asked to state a minimum or reserve price on each item, and purchasers will submit written bids during the exhibitions. Cheques for the sale of works will be forwarded to artists as soon as sales are completed.
- 10 - At the completion of the tour and auction, the works will be returned to artists or purchasers.
- 11 - Entries will be protected by insurance coverage while they are in the care of the Prison Arts Foundation to a maximum value of \$300.00.

CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES

Writings may be submitted in English or French. Authors are asked to retain copies of entries, as a protection against loss.

Selected works will appear in the next issue of "Words From Inside", an annual Prison Arts publication.

Rights of publication remain with the writers.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

A special announcement about awards will be made at a later date, and will be publicized in all Canadian adult correctional institutions.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

We seem to be having a slight problem in the Hairdressing Department.
GIRLS, please note that your cosmetology appointment slips must be signed by your work area before you come to the Hairdresser's. If you have two areas in the morning or afternoon, the slips must be signed by both areas.

THANK YOU!

Sponsored by the Prison Arts Foundation

ENTRY FORM

(One for each entry submitted, please)

NAME _____

PSEUDONYM IF DESIRED _____

AGE _____

NAME, ADDRESS OF INSTITUTION _____

ENTRANT'S FORWARDING ADDRESS (home, next-of-kin) _____

TITLE OF ENTRY _____

DESCRIPTION (Medium, style, etc.) _____

CHECK ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

My entry is not for sale, and is marked N.F.S. Value \$ _____
 Valuation is required for insurance purposes.

My entry is for sale. Minimum price: \$ _____

Please indicate if you have other works for sale, or if you would be prepared to receive orders. Interested persons will be directed to contact you.

CONSENT TO RELEASE IDENTIFICATION

- (a) I hereby give consent for my name to appear with my entry if it is selected for exhibition in Prison Arts 74.

SIGNED: _____

- (b) I do not wish my name to appear, but wish to be identified by my pseudonym only.

SIGNED: _____

I hereby consent to my entry being used for the purpose of publicity for the Prison Arts project:

SIGNED _____

I understand and agree to the conditions of Prison Arts 74, and submit my entry in accordance with those conditions.

SIGNED: _____

PRISON ARTS 74 AWARDS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

Here is a list of the following prizes which will be available to winners in Prison Arts 74:

SCHOLARSHIPS

To be awarded as tuition fees for courses at universities, community colleges or schools, to entrants who wish to further their education:

\$1,000.00 - Chubb Industries Limited

\$1,000.00 - The Audrey S. Hellyer Charitable Foundation

AWARDS

Canadian Penitentiary Service

The artist whose work is selected for reproduction on the Canadian Penitentiary Service Christmas card will be awarded \$250.00, which will include the purchase price of the entry, and exclusive reproduction rights.

Ontario Ministry of Correctional Services

An award of \$100.00 will be made to the inmate of an Ontario provincial institution whose work is selected to win this prize.

Department of Indian and Northern Affairs

Fine arts awards of \$500.00 (first), \$300.00 (second), and \$200.00 (third) will be made to winning status Indian entrants, for the purpose of obtaining materials and supplies. The awards are offered by the Cultural Development Division, Education Branch, Department of Indian and Northern Affairs.

Elizabeth Fry Society of Canada

Elizabeth Fry groups across Canada participate in this award, whose amount will be announced later.

Hallmark Cards Awards for Paintings

Three awards are offered by Hallmark Cards for winning paintings: \$250.00 (first), \$150.00 (second), and \$100.00 (third). The awards are given on the understanding that the reproduction rights are inclusive and the Hallmark Company can, if it finds the winning works suitable, reproduce them as they see fit.

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John Howard Society of Canada

An award of \$100.00 is to be made by the John Howard Society of Canada for artistic excellence in any category in Prison Arts 74.

St. Leonard's Society of Canada

\$50.00 award is offered by the St. Leonard's Society of Canada for artistic excellence in any category in Prison Arts 74.

Tandy Leather Company of Canada Limited

A credit voucher for \$50.00, which can be redreem in merchandise at any of their stores, is offered by the Tandy Leather Company for a winning entry in leatherwork.

Warner-Lambert Canada Limited

Three awards of \$100.00 each are offered by the Warner-Lambert company for winners in the categories of arts, writing and crafts.

Xerox of Canada Limited

Two awards of \$50.00 each will be offered by Xerox of Canada for winners in the arts category, to enable the artists to purchase supplies for the development of their hobby.

Announcements of any further Prison Arts 74 awards will be made at a later date.

Entry forms may be obtained at the institutions, or through our office: Prison Arts 74, 143 Fifth Ave., Brantford, Ontario, N3S 1A3.



"Yoo-hoo. Anybody home?"

Voltaire M

"Yoo-hoo. Anybody home"

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

Friendship House is a drug re-hab program, located in London, Ontario. It became a reality after fifteen strenuous months of study and contact with the drug afflicted youth of London. The founding director, Bob Howard, has got help from various members of parliament, as well as the Director of Welfare, the City of London Police, City Council, numerous corporations, businessmen, and community-minded people who have given their time and effort to make Friendship House possible.

FUNDING:

Friendship House is now funded by the Federal Department of Health and Welfare, the Provincial Government, and the City of London.

SERVICES:

- Provides food and accommodation to help people off the streets.
- Provides an acceptable environment to permit withdrawal.
- Supplies guidance for better health habits and regular physical examinations.
- Personal values.
- Family-type atmosphere and responsibility.
- Trust between the young and the Community.
- Community responsibilities and involvement.
- Group participation.
- Education.
- Financial guidances.
- Employment.

RECREATION FACILITIES OFFERED INCLUDE:

- Roller skating at the London Arena.
- Swimming and Gymnasium Sports at the Bob Hayward Y.
- Baseball at the London P.U.C. Diamonds.
- Arts and crafts.

CONSULTANTS:

Wendy A. Thomas, M.D. London Psychiatric Hospital.
Adrian Vaughn, A.A.P.S.W. Senior Social Worker at London.
Psychiatric Hospital.

ENTRY HOUSE opened July 15, 1972. 272 Talbot St. London, Ont.
Phone 673-0446

The Entry House offers all the basic necessities of home life while striving to develop communication and trust. House

rules have been set by the residents and regular house meetings enable each individual to air and resolve household or personal problems. Entry is strictly voluntary, but once here, the atmosphere of security, teamwork and responsibility helps build the confidence that we all need if we are to address our situation realistically and work to improve it, which may be amplified during the initial phase of drug withdrawal.

Project Eden: Opened January 1, 1974. Ten miles outside of London. R.R.1 Hyde Park, Phone 672-6880.

Project Eden offers an individual from Talbot St.; seclusion from the aggravation of the city and the drug environment. Rising early in the fresh country air to help provide fresh vegetables, meat, eggs and bread for the other houses, speeds the return to a feeling of good physical health and productivity. The quiet times, with their sense of freedom and relaxation, contribute to that peace one needs to understand his ups and downs, to recognize mistakes, and to find solutions.

Re-Entry House: Opened May 1, 1973. 281 Picadilly St. London, Ont. Phone 672-7914

This house is not at all unlike a commercial boarding house. Here the residents pay room and board while using the house as a base to obtain employment or perhaps return to school and eventually acquire other accommodations. Here one finds the motivation to keep the job he has found and the confidence to make friends outside the program and move back into the community.

Green's Unlimited: Started March 1972. Phone 434-2311.

Green's Unlimited is a work program which employs some residents in various phases of the program as openings permit. The employees are under a landscaping foreman and work a full six day week. Lateness and absenteeism in the early stages is tolerated more than in most businesses and as physical health improves and the adjustment to working is made, employees are encouraged to seek other employment and are provided with references. The work is varied and interesting and teaches new skills, customer relations and how to work as a team to get a job done. Standards are high and one feels pride in doing a first class job.

FOR MORE INFORMATION WRITE:

Mr. Robert Howard
281 Picadilly Street
Phone 672-7914

Mary S.

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Miss Shelly Dobbs,
Instructor in Arts & Handicrafts,
Vanier Centre for Women,
Box 1150, BRAMPTON L6V 2K5
Ontario.

Dear Miss Dobbs:

Further to my telephone conversations with you, here are the details about the art contest. You will note that the award has been increased from \$25.00 to \$100.00.

The Elizabeth Fry Society Art Contest
for Fasti-Notes

The painting or drawing - any media - should be an original work by a woman in a Canadian correctional institution. The contest is open to present inmates or a recent one.

Works should be submitted as early in May as possible, and will be judged by artists (one of whom we know now will be Mrs. Marion Hall).

The award for the winning entry is to be \$100.00

The preferred size would be 12" or 14" x 16" but any size up to an outside measurement of 18" (longest side) would be acceptable.

If you have any students in your class who would like to submit a work, it would be great!

Sincerely yours,

Ruth Goodall,
Chairman, Public Relations Committee.

14, 2/18/18
LET'S TALK ABOUT ALCOHOLISM

Are you an Alcoholic? This is the first thing we should ask ourselves. You have to admit that you are powerless over alcohol and that your life has become unmanageable, then you can say you are an alcoholic.

But how many alcoholics admit this to themselves? Very few, at first. Instead you hide and drink, you lose track of your drinks and deny your drinking, but yet you still drink.

When being accused of being an alcoholic or even of drinking a lot, this is when you start making excuses and denying the fact that you are an Alcoholic.

Some of these excuses might ring a bell with you!

1. "The kids get on my nerves."
2. "I'm tired of being alone!"
3. "Drinking helps to make my day!"
4. "My job keeps me so tensed up!"
5. "It helps me to forget my troubles."

Unless you stop making excuses and admit to yourself that you are powerless over alcohol, then there is no one that can help you.

Let's travel the road of Alcoholism with an Alcoholic. I talked to a fellow-resident named Barbara D., and this is what our conversation consisted of.

Anita: Barbara, are you an alcoholic?

Barbara: Yes, I am an alcoholic.

Anita: Barbara, what made you resort to Alcoholic?

Barb: Every alcoholic has a personal problem. I drank to escape from life, to counteract my feelings of loneliness and because I was having an emotional conflict with myself.

Anita: What made you want to stop drinking?

Barb: I had lost everything over my drinking, but when I lost the most important part of my life (my son), I knew it was time to find a solution to my problem.

Anita: What was your solution to your problem?

Barb: My solution to my problem was recovering these three things:

- 1) I had to recover my personal integrity and struggle to pull myself together.
- 2) I had to get honest with myself and admit I was an Alcoholic and I was SICK; that I needed HELP desperately.
- 3) Then I took a personal inventory of myself and stopped making excuses for myself.

Anita: What was your first step to sobriety?

Barb: My first step was to recover my faith in God. I surrendered my life to Him, and put my drinking problem in His Hands.

Anita: Did you still have the same friends?

Barb: No, I had to make new relationships with other people. I stopped having self pity and started thinking about other people and I was no longer lonely.

Anita: I know this must have changed your life, didn't it?

Barb: Yes, I now live a life of service, not of selfishness.

Anita: How do you feel about a drink now?

Barb: I'm really terrified, because I know for the rest of my life I could never touch even one drink; because if I do it would lead me back to the world of Alcoholism again.

Anita: Do you have anything to say that might encourage other Alconolics to sobriety?

Barb: Yes! As I look back now, over my earlier drinking, I've learned that you get out of life only what you put into it. When I put drinking into mine, I got a lot of bad things out of it, such as jail, prison, loss of job and children. Now I ask myself, "Was it worth it?" As the saying goes, "Yesterday is gone, forget it! Tomorrow never comes." Today is here, so I live it one day at a time. God is my refuge and my strength; without Him, I wouldn't be a recovered Alcoholic.

Anita: Thank you, Barbara!

Barb: You're welcome. I just hope what I have said will inspire another person to recovery from Alcoholism.

Anita S.

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MY STORY

Last summer was the first time I really admitted to myself that I was an alcoholic. When I started shaking every morning and getting sick I knew then but I didn't do anything about it. All I wanted to do was run to the drugstore and get myself a bottle of shaving lotion or rubbing alcohol to calm my nerves so I could wait until ten o'clock when the liquor or wine store opened. Lots of times I would walk over to the bootlegger's providing I had the cash. Sundays was a disaster. Since I didn't work I found out I could get money for booze by "stemming" as I called it, but the word they used when I was charged was causing a disturbance by loitering and impeding. Lots of times I would find myself with others sleeping in an old empty house, waking up to another day of drinking. Once the police took me to a detoxication center but I only stayed there for four days, coming out to another bottle of wine. The summer was mostly spent in a park in Toronto with other similar people like me. Sometimes I would receive a drink if I would go to the wine store on a run.

I really didn't want to change then but since I've been in Vanier I can truthfully say I don't want to live life that way again. I've had time to think and you could say it was an act of Providence that I was sent here, since I was near death (weighing only 117 pounds). Well that's over now, I've done my time, and I can only hope that this won't happen again.

Valerie M.





When I am drunk
 No man I fear
 When I am loaded
 up with beer
 I speak my mind, I
 talk right out
 I raise my voice, I
 even shout
 My mind is dulled but
 still I think
 my breath has quite a
 pungent taint
 But still I look for
 another drop
 To all my friends, I'm
 just an old top

by,
 Valerie M.

WHAT'S NEW IN FASHION FOR SPRING



For the women who are interested in wearing jeans-it's the western look. The latest styles have really great fabric variations; like true blue or yellow denims and some to look faded. There are brushed types, linen-like weaves, and embroidery-stitched jeans to match the yoke shirts with draw-string waists.

Upcoming successor to the jean is the long skirt, so the experts say. Simple lines, classic shapes, and good looks to boot. These will go neat with the bellhop jackets.

Pleats are also on the scene. They match a gay twenties knit sweater with flounced or puffed sleeves. Most cardigans now have the rolled-up sleeves. To top it all comes the brimmed cloches (hats).

When the weather gets a little chilly there are the trench and the tent coats. The trench is worn with its belt clinched and collar turned up which teams up happily with either pants or a skirt. The tent coat on the other hand is high fashion. It is best worn over a bias cut skirt so its fullness swirls around a pretty pair of legs wearing feminine shoes.

Valerie M.

SEWING TIPS

Making your own clothes is a rewarding pastime. Here are some helpful hints on sewing.

- (1) You can usually tell the right or wrong sides of plain fabrics by the study of appearance and weave. On stretch fabrics, pull apart the raw edge and the direction of the curl indicates the right and wrong side. The raw edge always curls onto the wrong side.
- (2) If you use tracing paper, it makes your work more accurate. Transferring pattern markings direct to the fabric helps to give that professional look. It also speeds up your work.
- (3) When you sew leather and suede, you use a spear point needle or leather needle. Knock seams down with a hammer covered with rubber solution.
- (4) You can make trousers fit perfectly by making an adjustment. Buy a pattern to your own nearest measurement. Adjust paper pattern. Cut out in calico and fit again. After all this, make a new pattern in brown paper. This is now your standard trouser.
- (5) When you are buying a pattern for a knitted fabric, choose your normal size pattern, but make sure you buy patterns for knitted fabrics.
- (6) Create that personal finishing touch to all your garments, both old and new, with braids, fringes, and edgings. All will add to a professional look.

Valerie M.

GOD, I AM TROUBLED

Nerves, poor health, debts and money problems,
 God, I am troubled! Family troubles, love troubles, loneliness,
 how can I overcome my troubles?
 Come closer to God, enjoy radiant health, success and happiness,
 dear friend. We have wonderful news for you, news of a
 remarkable, new way of prayer that is helping thousands to conquer
 and overcome the dreadful obstacles in their way!

KAREN W.

20
SOUVENIR

Longues sont les journées
Quand tu attends pour ta liberté
Penser à son passé
C'EST SEULEMENT CE QUE TU AS DANS L'idée
De tout ce que j'aurais puis faire mieux.

Longues
Et les heures
Quand tu pense à ton future
Tant tu veux accomplir
Mais que tu ne peux finir.
La joie et l'amour qui t'entoure
N'ensemble pas être assez
Mais ton passez,
Tu ne peux te détacher
Parce qu'il y a eu
Joie, tristesse, amour,
Et toute ta liberté.

Les portes verrouillez
Tu ne peux supporter
Parce que c'est emprisonnez
Toute tes idées.
Mais le jour viendra
Où elles souvriront à nouveau
Pour enfin jouir
De ta liberté.

Francine B.

Francine et moi, nous avons pensées faire un article, et cela n'est pas facile. Alors nous avons décidées le faire sur l'été dans notre ville natale.

Francine est née à Mont-July, qui est un petit village situé à près de 200 milles de Gaspé. Comme ils sont près du fleuve St.-Laurent, il y a beaucoup de touristes à cause des merveilleuses plages. Aussi il y a la ville de Québec qui est située à près de 300 milles, qui est la capitale du Québec. Là aussi, il y a beaucoup de touristes à cause des sites historiques. Il y a le parlement du Québec, ainsi que les Plaines d'Abraham, où Wolfe a combattu avec Montcalm qui y est décédé d'ailleurs. Aussi le Château Frontenac, qui est une merveille à voir. Nous avons oubliée de mentionner le Rocher Percé qui lui est situé à Gaspé ainsi que l'artisanat Québécoise, qui est fantastique à voir.

Pour ma part (Gaby), je suis née à Hull, Québec, mais comme il n'y a pas grand chose de très intéressant à voir, sauf que là, les clubs y sont ouvert jusqu'à trois heures du matin, je vais vous parler d'Ottawa qui est la Capitale du Canada, et qui est situé à près de 1 mille de Hull (Quebec), Là aussi, il y a le Parlement mais qui est lui celui de Pierre Eliot Trudeau, le Premier Ministre du Canada, qui attire beaucoup de touristes qui vont visiter l'horloge du Parlement, et spécialement pour voir le changement de la Garde, aussi il y a beaucoup d'Ambassades. Il y a aussi le jardin des Tulipes qui est extraordinaire à voir. Nous avons aussi le Mall de la rue Sparks, où les Hippies vont coucher à défaut d'autre places.

Et bien cela est à peu-près tout ce qui l'y a à dire sur ces merveilleux endroits à visiter. Alors ceux qui veulent voyager et voir d'intéressant endroit aller y faire un tour, nous sommes certaines que vous serez éblouis.

Francine B.
Gaby F.



QUEBEC



ONTARIO

Confused-or what?

I have been so programmed here at the centering-out center, that when I went home to Windsor, I took an hourly count time of my nine children. The phone rang insistently and I didn't dare answer come hell or high water.

I'd proceed to a door and wait and wait for the buzzer to go off. I didn't dare go out of our bedroom after 10:30 for fear of a "rindy-dink" report. I made the kids cottage rep, garbage rep, etc. I knew instinctively that I was in deep trouble when I called meetings at the drop of a hat, elected myself chairman and the kids all had initial presentations. When I wanted to go shopping at the plaza, I perplexed my husband by asking for a T.A.P. and expected him to O.K. it. I also asked him for an evaluation, and didn't even make level one. It just goes to show you, my stay at Vanier has had its desired effect on me.

Sally B.

AMERICAN BLACK CULTURE

The writer of this article is black. The reason she has undertaken this writing is to familiarize the public with history, growth and feelings pertaining to being black. There is no way to put all of these things in one article, so henceforth there shall be a continuing series, so long as she remains with the paper or within the confines of this institution.

Let me start first of all with just a sketch of what being black means to me, living in a supposedly free society of 1974. You hear constantly the statement being made that from day one, you have just as much right to learn, work and achieve those things you desire as much as any other race. This is not true. Yes we can go to school, but we don't have the best qualified teachers to begin with. To have a top-paying job, you have to be twice as smart, twice as industrious, and take on twice as many responsibilities, than a person of English, French, or Italian etc., descent would, in maintaining your position. The normal mistakes that anyone could make, becomes twice the burden that they would normally be.

Now I am not looking for sympathy, just understanding of what a burden we are born to face. All through school you are subtly taught that white is the best thing going. You are subtly taught that all the great things achieved by man (including woman) were done by whites; simply through omission of facts regarding black history. Take for instance Balboa, an explorer who explored parts of the North and South American continents. Throughout all my school days the picture showed him as a white man. Not until I became totally aware of being black did I find that he was a black Spaniard. You are not taught that our forefathers stood side by side with all the other races to help make America what it is today. We were brainwashed into thinking we were third-class citizens simply through omission; that we had nothing to be proud of, nor have anyone to point to, to make us feel racial pride.

As a child I remember a little poem that I recited, not being fully aware of what I was saying. It goes; If you are white, you're alright; If you are yellow, you're mellow, If you're brown, stick around, but if you're black, stay back. I wonder who started that. The poem in itself is undermining to blacks as a whole.

We were told our hair was bad in its natural state and to have good hair it must be straight.

When I first started working on the paper, I was put here through planning meeting. I had not asked for it, and a C.O. in Cottage III suggested that because I was black and had a different cultural background or way of life, that it would be interesting for me to work on the paper and share this with

others. I totally resented this at first because I thought in this day and age people should be aware of it and that it wasn't my job to enlighten them of certain pertinent facts. But I was wrong. I know that so long as I live I shall always have this task at hand. Not because I relish it, but because I have become angry having to repeat the same things over and over again. As a black I have no choice in the matter. Each one of us must do our share and then some to erase all the lies, superstitions and misunderstandings about the black race.

In the next issue and those following, I will speak out about those mentioned myths. I shall not necessarily take them in sequence, starting from slavery days to present day rioting, but I shall take them as I encounter problems and thoughts of everyday living.

Eddie M.

FREEDOM!

At the city gate and by your fireside I have seen you
prostrate yourself and worship your own freedom,
Even as slaves humble themselves before a tyrant and praise
him though he slays them,
And in the grave of the temple and in the shadow of the citadel
I have seen the freest among you wear their freedom as a yoke
and a handcuff
And my heart bled within me for you can only be free when even
the desire of seeking freedom becomes a harness to you
and when you cease to speak of freedom as a goal and a
fulfillment
You shall be free indeed when your days are not without a care
nor your nights without a want and a grief.
But rather when these things girdle your life and yet you rise
above them naked and unbound.
And how shall you rise beyond your days and nights unless you
break the chains which you at the dawn of your understanding
have fastened around your noon hour? In truth that which you
call Freedom is the strongest of these chains, though its links
glitter in the sun and dazzle your eyes
Verily all things move within your being in constant half em-
brace, the desired and the dreaded, the repugnant and the
cherished, the persued and that which you escape.
These things move within you as lights and shadows in pairs
that cling.
And when the shadow fades and is no more, the light that
lingers becomes a shadow to another light.
And thus your Freedom when it loses its fetters becomes
itself the fetter of a greater Freedom.

Anita S.

Author -Kahil Gibran

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BALLET

I started at the age of three, taking lessons at a local school, where I took classes for an hour a week. The hour was divided into tap, baton, acrobatics and in what time was left ballet. At the age of seven, I changed schools and took only ballet. To get on toe shoes you had to take at least seven classes a week and toe was the goal in my life. Football games, dances and tree climbing were all forgotten and life was devoted to going to ballet. I got my beautiful first pointe shoes when I was eight. That was the most important day of my short life. I was addicted to the sweating, discipline and dieting of a ballet dancer. My classes increased from seven to fourteen hours a week. My Mom felt like a cab driver whose car could go automatically to and from the studio. I lived and breathed ballet.

When I was fourteen I received a Ford Foundation Scholarship to go to the School of American Ballet in New York City. This is the training school for the New York City Ballet Company. Again the most traumatic experience of my young life. Would my Mother allow me to go off and live by myself in the city? I lived on edge, talking my way into the only career that I could ever dream of. Ballet is super-competitive and only one out of ten actually makes it into any professional company and I was offered a chance at the most well-known in America. All my idols were members and I would get the chance of dancing in the same studio where they had been. Finally Mom conceded. College was forgotten and off I went. I was awe-struck that I had actually made it, but my dream state didn't last long.

I was used to being the best and now was surrounded by a hundred other beautiful dancers. I progressed quickly into the company class and was asked to be an apprentice with the company.

When I was sixteen, to my horror, I got mononucleosis. I thought my career was over because I was out three months. When I returned I was told I was being sent to the San Francisco Ballet Company. This was quite a relief since I now would be a full-fledged company member.

Once I started rehearsing with the company, the attitude of the dancers there disappointed me greatly. Although N.Y.C. Ballet Company was the mother of the San Francisco Ballet, the competitiveness between the two, was too much of an emotional strain.

I made up my mind to try England, the home of my favorite company, the Royal Ballet. When I arrived in London, I met another disappointment. The Royal only accepts non-British dancers who are already on star level and I was only in the corps de ballet. I walked away, my dreams shattered, as I

approached the corner, I heard the sound of a piano playing the all too familiar music of class practice. I walked into the old church and saw girls dancing. With ballet clothes in hand, I walked right up to the teacher and told her my problem. She asked where I had studied and seemed impressed. When she asked if I would like to take the rest of the class, you couldn't keep me from the dressing room. Dancing in that studio, I soon forgot my troubles and when told that this was a company class, I couldn't believe my luck. And so I found myself in the Harlequin Ballet Company.

The next year was filled with hard work and travel. It seemed like the different countries were entirely made of theatres. Italy, Spain, the Channel Isles just flew by and so did we; stopping only for two weeks at a time to give two performances, sometimes an extra for school children, a day. When we weren't performing we were practicing, sight-seeing was impossible.

After six months of keeping on the move, packing and unpacking, I found myself back in London. The London Ballet Festival offered me a place as corps member in their company. This was definitely a step-up and so was the position of demi-soloist. Again the practicing and rehearsing. My dream had finally come true.

Leslie C.

Ballet-Reality and Illusion

To watch a ballet, one gets the impression of glamorous, graceful, dancers, who wouldn't know the meaning of hard work. As a recovered dancer, I can tell you differently. Ballet is like a drug-addiction, at least for some, and once you taste it, it's difficult to stop. Imagine going back for more after sweating through one and a half hours of complete physical exertion. After one class is finished, there is time for a "diet pop" break. Cakes, candy, potatoes, bread and snacks are definite no-no's to a dancer.

There is always the dream of dancing on a stage and to reach that dream takes a lot of blind dedication. When told in class you'll never make it, the world starts to shatter and there is a queasy feeling in the pit of your stomach. Yet, one must not give up. Stamina is what the fragile looking ballerinas are made of and it takes an awful lot to stop one. Raps with a cane across the back of the knees are not answered with

Ballet-Reality and Illusion (cont'd)

a gracious "thank you." Your reward at the end of an exhausting class is doing sixty-four jumps and God help the girl who stops, who is punished by the whole class repeating the exercise. When you do get tired, there is no such thing as taking a break and sitting down because the muscles contract unless you are on your feet. Windows, even in the dead of summer, must remain closed and fans or air conditioners are never visible. Unless the sweat drops off, you realize the class has not been a profitable one.

Many drop out on the way to following their dream, while others reach their goal. Even then the hard work is relentless and still the pressure continues.

Leslie C.

THOUGHTS ABOUT MARTIANS

If you happen to see a strange-looking character around the complex with antennae sprouting from his head, hold on gang, you are not hallucinating. Let me warn you that if you approach this fellow and ask the obvious question, "What are you?", you'll probably receive the obvious answer, "a Martian."

Hang on to your wits. I think there is a legitimate reason for this phenomenon and you are not in a mental institution as you may have thought.

Martians have an optimistic outlook on life. It means having no pre-conceived ideas and actually an experiential type of living. Nature, herself, is the number one teacher. Earth-talk, on the other hand, can be said to have caused all the wars and griefs since the beginning of time.

Seeing things as they really are, without digging underneath for the causes, is one of the Martian's strong points. The sun shines, the grass grows, the birds sing, and who asks "Why?" Martians show things as they really are. Martian is the language of dreams.

So unless this dude with his slightly bent antennae happens to be green, maybe my understanding of the term "Martian" is the explanation. If he is of an unusual color, get to our newspaper quickly and you've got yourself a really big story.

Leslie C.

The ceremonial drive to Kingston filled me with complete resignation. Somehow the flow of energy, the defiance, rebelliousness and sarcasm disappeared, leaving me void of all feelings. For a change, time was on my side and I meekly succumbed to the stronger force, knowing I was defeated.

For the long drive from London to Kingston, I sat in the back seat of the Sheriff's car, a brand new El Dorado. Accompanying me was an ancient matron, to whom I was shackled. Driving was the sheriff and beside him was another older man. I was hand cuffed to the matron via a "dog leash"-one cuff on her wrist, one cuff on mine, joined by 6 feet of heavy chain. Although there were no back doors to the car, the cuff was left on me for the entire journey. Halfway there, we stopped at a Carousel Restaurant, for a bite to eat. I was too nervous to eat anyway, but to my surprise there was no "infamous ceremonial meal." Instead I was given ready-cut cinnamon toast, with no knife. I was severely embarrassed when I got out of the car; the matron walked six feet ahead of me, thus exposing the entire length of the chain. In the restaurant, which was crowded with young people, I was stared at, and felt highly uncomfortable, segregated to the extreme. Before I sat down at the table, the sheriff checked it out. The same thing happened at the car; before I could get back into it, the car had to be searched.

When we pulled into the prison driveway, I took my first long look at my new home. I had been to Kingston many times before, yet had always overlooked the Prison for Women, passing it off as some form of Parliament Building. However, the reality of my new situation descended upon me, compelling me to mentally gulp down the finality of time. The massive limestone building with its archaic walls symbolized the defiance of mobility. It was like stepping into a picture book, where all existing life stopped, and the world beyond the walls became of no importance.

Inside, apprehension overtook me. The electric doors slid open and I was admitted by a smiling lady, who checked my warrant of committal, and took me through another set of electric doors. As they clanged shut behind me, I gasped in wonder at the scene before me. I was in a large hallway where numerous girls were walking about. I'm not sure if I'd previously expected complete cell confinement, but I was surprised at the amount of freedom given. These girls were inmates, like myself, and were dressed normally, (no khaki outfits with numbers above the breast pocket) I was given the staring routine by the other girls as I was led to the bathroom to be bathed and weighed, then on to be printed, and mug shot. The next step was down to the supply room where I was bestowed with Bovernmental gifts (hairbrushes, etc.)

The next tour took me up two steep metal staircases, where I was escorted down the catwalk on the second storey of cells. I was on upper A range. Here there were two tiers of 25 cells each from one end of the corridor to the other. The cells were side by side, about 10' by 12'; each equipped with a bed, two

dressers, a toilet and a sink. The walls and floor were concrete, crudely painted as though trying to force the serenity of "home" to dominate. The fourth wall of each cell contained iron bars, with a barred door. Later on I discovered that a wheel at the end of each range had to be spun in order to activate the gang release, and from there, each door had to be opened from the outside, individually, by a matron. If a fire broke out during the night, each girl would be forced to depend solely upon a matron opening each door individually.

The cells faced a corridor which is filled with card tables and chairs. The noise on the ranges is deafening. There is no privacy, and it is normal to hear 6 radios blaring--each on different stations, battling to be heard above the varied conversations and arguments. There are 7 huge arched windows on the range, and the cells facing them. From the catwalk, girls can look out the windows to see the prison yard, or on a clear day we could see the guards patrolling the men's reception, across the street, and on warm summer days, sailboats are visible gliding by in the bay behind the men's pen.

During the day, there are five work areas where a girl can be placed. There is the kitchen, laundry, sewing or hair-dressing school. Some girls are on clean-up, and their job is to clean the ranges, gym, corridors, school, etc. Their canteens will be greater than others due to the physical amount of work required. If a girl fails to get out of bed each day, the institution will deduct a certain amount of wages from her canteen, and if that doesn't work, she will receive a slip of paper letting her know that she has failed to earn her 3 days for that month.

It's during the night that a girl can feel or hear the results of the tension. After the radios have been shut off and everyone is sleeping, it is common to be rudely awakened by C.'s terrified screams as she dreams in terror the same dream. The other girls call out her name, and C. returns to peaceful slumber until the reality of her dream reoccurs. If no one warns you before you sleep the first night, the terror of C.'s screams will hit you hard as you shake in bed and wonder "what the hell's happening? Is someone killing someone?" Another familiar sound in the night is the sound of breaking glass as an inmate cracks her night light in order to slash her wrists and arms. The scars of many girls are unbelievable to the point where the scars stunt the arms growth. There is one other girl also, who moans and pleads during her sleep. The sounds of painful sleep echo and re-echo, finding their way into each inmates dreams until supreme silence reigns again.

There is a new addition to the prison for "first timers" or "non-violent" persons. This is the new wing. There are also two of these areas, with rooms like Vanier's somewhat, but there the doors remain unlocked unless requested. There are large bathrooms at the end of each wing and life there is considerably more pleasant. The only bad night happening in this area is the ghost of a young girl, as she reportedly floats down the corridors. The presence of this ghost is very real, and is frequently seen during the autumn season. She especially bothers girls who are in extreme depression; however, she is rumoured not to be a "bad" ghost.

The real break in routine is the T.A.P. system whereby

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each inmate serves 6 months of her sentence, then automatically is granted one full day a month, or a 3 day pass every 3rd month. What you do on these T.A.P.'s is your business, and the prison is unconcerned as to who you go with or what you do as long as you don't break the law (or get caught).

The only other thing I can particularly remember about the Prison for Women is that the girls there are very much alive. Due to their lengthy sentences, they live together as a unit for years on end. Never before have I experienced the depth of caring between inmates as I found in this prison. Of course, this emotion can reverse itself to the extremes also, but in my opinion, the good outweighs the bad.

The warden for the P. ~~and~~ ^{for} W. is seemingly a very scared man. When confronted by inmates, they usually sing "Will it go round in circles?", as the warden never says a straight answer. He is constantly worried about his superiors in OT-tawa.

There is much good and much bad in the Kingston system, but not enough good to make me register a desire to live there again. However, ~~if I must~~ ^{if I must} ~~even~~, if I must ever serve time again and pay another debt to society, I'd much rather serve time there.

Becky S.

LIFE SKILLS

During the past few months that I have been in Vanier, we have had a number of speaker in the Life Skill's group-- some good and some not so good.

Although I haven't been in every class, I find they are of some benefit to most of the girls.

One of the interesting ones in my opinion, was the discussion with Springboard. The fellow that came in was an ex-con and felt that some people need to keep up communications with their families while in jail, and this is basically what the group Springboard does.

Another interesting topic was the Women's Lib. movement. The girl that came was interesting and discussed many things that they are fighting for, like equal pay and equal work.

The one topic that was rather upsetting for some people was the Children's Aid. I myself refused to go to that group as I have no purpose for them. They hurt me badly in the past and I don't want anything more to do with them. That is only my opinion, others may find them helpful.

On the whole, the Life Skill's group is worthwhile getting involved in, and there is always going to be something that someone finds interesting.

Frances H.

VANIER VERSUS COTTAGE 111

Early in March we were informed that Kon-Tiki would have a late night. It had been arranged for staff to be present notwithstanding any illness or such. Every resident in the cottage was looking forward to this late night. The types of snacks we were going to have had been discussed in house-meeting.

On the afternoon of the supposed late night, we were informed that staff would not be present due to illness, so there went the late night.

It is told to us that Cottage 111 is the more adult and responsible on the complex; yet we are not mature enough to stay up for a couple of hours longer to watch T.V. Where is the trust? We are asked constantly if staff is trusted. Aren't they aware that trust is a two-way street? To get it, you must give it!

I understand that until Kon-Tiki has their late night, Cottages 11 and 1V must wait! Well, speaking of tension and unrest, maybe that staff plays a small part in creating it! Wake up! We are not all children. Vanier giveth and Vanier taketh away.

Eddie Mc.

DISAPPOINTMENT

Once upon a time, on an unseasonable March night, there was a group of Kon-Tiki residents, feeling more depressed than ever. We realize the major purpose of this centre: getting us ready to accept the things on the street. But maybe the most important lesson we are taught is disappointment. Small things become major issues of concern. There is not much to look forward to in our happy home but one of the few rewards for being obedient residents is an occasional late night.

Due to the epidemic proportion of sickness amongst our hired personnel, the aforesaid occasion has not arisen since November. Finally our big chance arrived with the caution of "but if". Well, true to form the hassle arose and here we are handling our disappointment as well as possible. Our apologies to the rest of the complex, but please don't pour salt into the wound by riding us with reminders of our misfortune.

Leslie C.

Two men look
Through the prison bars,
One saw the mud
The other the stars.

--author unknown

THE LAST IN A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON VANIER

Vanier has disappointed me in that while I thought that they were always trying to put the interest of the resident before anything and were open to the resident's point of view, I find that they only have one thing in the back of their minds and that is to make the resident do things their way even if the resident strongly objects.

Previously I held other views on Vanier even though other residents told me that I was wrong. Now I find that in a lot of ways I have to agree with the other residents.

When you are sentenced you are told that if you don't get into trouble and obey all the rules, you will very likely get parole. Then you find out that, that is only the first of many lies told to you. It seems that if you want Parole the best way to get it is to be put in Seg a few times and then tell the Administration that you are turning over a new leaf. Voilà a parole! If you sit back, do your best, try very hard to become someone better than you were when you came in, you are handed a "no action."

You are also told that you can put in for T.A.P.'s and if there have been no problems, you will get them. Well, boy do I have news for you! Even if there is a death to the father of your children and you practically beg to be able to go, they are going to find some way of making it impossible for you to attend. Even when you explain how very important it is for you to be there at your family's side, it's a "no go." Sure they put it in a way that you think that they are really good by saying "You may go, but only if you can get a volunteer to drive you." If you happen to have to go further than 100 miles they know damn right well that there is no way a volunteer can take you.

Ever since Christmas there have been staff playing head games with me and I am getting a little sick of it. When I walk out of here in May, I will have nothing more to do with these people. So what are they doing telling me I should live here or there, work at this type of job or that?

I think that I know what, where, and when to eat, talk, work or sleep now and by God I also know where I'm going from here and as long as I know this, then I think that no one else has the right to put me through a wringer each and every time they feel like it.

I appreciate the time I had to get my head straight, but once again it was, I didn't need to have people screwing it up again and that is what some staff at Vanier tried to do.

I made some friends here and I wish to thank them for the help they extended to me.

Bernice L

COMMENT

Does this prison keep all its inmates happy? Excuse the crude terms, but it's about time we start calling it like it is. With the past events going on around here we all realize that things can't be so peachy-keen. All the nice words we are told to use, like "reformatory," "resident" and "rehabilitation," can't change the fact that we are in jail. Instead of moaning to each other and "mini-rioting" all over the place, why don't we show the administration that we aren't satisfied, in ways they will accept. We should be grateful, we all realize that. We are very lucky to have all the privileges we have-work for 20¢ a day, schooling, which isn't recognized most places, activities that amuse high school age tom-boys. With all these things, and much more, how can we complain?

From the day you enter this institution you are geared to self-searching. The program is a gargantuan way to fight boredom. But I wonder if anyone finds it difficult to find the time to do anything but follow the program; like travelling the yellow brick road with OZ being level IV. If you have plans for the future, you had better be able to express the reasons why. One is not considered stable unless there is the occasional outburst of anger or tears. All plans, no matter how you are determined to stick with them, should be considered with a reasonable alternative. Nothing we can say can be taken at face value, so choose your words carefully. Always appear soleful and never look your listener in the eyes. That's a sure way of losing the attention of your helper.

This news paper is a way of letting our feelings out in a "constructive" way. Fire alarms and riots are outmoded. They are "copouts" so let's try a new method. (Written words can not be twisted and may not be considered as threatening.) If you feel any frustration or anger towards the system let us hear about it. Who knows, although nothing may be done about it, we might feel better with just sharing our thoughts with others. We are a listening ear of the residents. Let's not just let our paper hear what we think. Our administration wants to hear. Tell 'em where we're at.

Lesilie C.

I can't believe that I have to hate anybody
An' when I do, it will only be out of fear, and I'll know it.

I know no answers an' no truth
for absolutely no soul alive
I will listen to no one
Who tells me morals
There are no morals
An I dream a lot

ROGUE'S GALLERY

*CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE
NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS
SEEN LURKING ABOUT
THE VANIER COMPLEX?*

100 0 1

100 0 1

100 0 1

100 0 1

100 0 1









BAD FRIDAY

The Trial and the Crucifixion (Matthew 27:11-54; Mark 15:1-39; Luke 23:1-49; John 18:28-40; and 19:1-30)

The wheels took Jesus up to the governor who had a funny name. It was Pilate. He didn't know nothin' about Jesus, so he took him into his big office and talked with him and asked him lots of questions. Pretty soon he comes out to the people and says, "Jesus is OK. They ain't nothin' wrong with him." The wheels don't like that so they gets everybody to yell, "Kill him, kill him, he is causin' lots of trouble around here, and everywhere."

This guy Pilate don't want no part of this and he's thinkin' of a way to get out of it. So he says, "This man comes from another place. I'll send him over to Herod." But Jesus didn't give Herod no answers to his questions, and this made Herod mad and he says, "OK, you asked for it." He had a big purple robe put on Jesus and pokes fun at Jesus. But Herod ain't takin' the rap for this one either and sends him back to Pilate. Pilate's wife had a dream about Jesus and she tells Pilate, "You better let him go. He ain't done nothin' so bad that you have to kill him." Pilate wanted to let him go too so he told the people, "We checked Jesus out and he's OK. There's nothing wrong with him." But the people wanted blood and they start yellin' "If you let him go you'll be in trouble with big daddy in Rome and we'll get you kicked out." Well, this makes Pilate scared so he tried to find another way out. He figures that he's got them trapped with this one. He tells them about a real big crook by name of Barabbas and says, "I'll let one go- Barabbas or Jesus-who will it be?" They all start yellin' "Barabbas." Pilate never thought that they would yell that, and this bugs him plenty. He tries once more to get out of it and says, "What shall I do with Jesus?" The crowd yells back, "Kill him." But Pilate still wants nothin' to do with the whole thing and tells one of his flunkies to bring some water to wash his hands, to show everybody he's washin' his hands of the whole thing. But like all the other politicians he wants to please everybody and he sends some of the army guys to take Jesus away to get killed. They wanted to have some fun with Jesus first, so they put a crown on his head, only it was made of thorns, and then they spit on him and beat on him and did all kinds of nasty things to him. Then the time came and they made him carry the heavy cross that they was gonna kill him on. They was two crooks gettin' killed that day too.

Bad Friday (cont'd)

Everybody followed just like it was a big firemen's carnival or somethin' like that. Jesus had taken such a beatin' that he passed out, and the army guys grabbed one of the crowd to carry the cross and that was the only good thing they did all day long. When they got to the top of the hill they stripped Jesus and the two crooks and put them on the crosses and pounded nails in their hands. Then they put up the crosses and waited for them to die. The army guys sold chances on his clothes.

Pretty soon Jesus says, "Don't be too hard on them, Father, they been led on by the crowd. They don't know what the score is."

Then they put up a sign. It says, "King of the Jews." About that time one of the crooks was hurtin' real bad and he started swearin' and makin' fun of Jesus. The other crook he don't want no part of that and tells the first crook to shut up. "The guy in the middle ain't done nothin' like we have. We got what's comin' to us, but he's OK." Then he turns to Jesus and says, "Don't forget me and put in a good word for me later." Jesus tells him, "Don't worry about it--you already with me."

The real sad part of this whole horrible mess was that his mother had to watch what was goin' on. But even then he didn't forget his mother and he tells John to take care of her.

By this time it's gettin' real dark and it lasted about three hours. Then when everything was quiet Jesus lets out a bellow and says, "That's it, it's all over," and he died. One of the army guys standin' near the grave says, "You know what I think? He was God's son, that's what."

WHEN JESUS BUSTED OUT OF THE GRAVE

The Resurrection (Matthew 28:1-15; Mark 15:42-47; and 16:1-8; Luke 23:50-56; and 24:1-11; John 19:38-42; and 20:1-18)

After Jesus got killed, a friend of his takes the body down and puts it in a grave made out of a big hole in the cliff. Then they puts a big stone over the door and a couple of army guys to guard it, and they put some ropes on the stone just to make sure nothin' is gonna happen to the body.

Sunday morning comes, and two gals both with the name of Mary--one of them's Jesus mother--was on their way to the cemetery to make sure everything is taken care of right. They didn't know if they could get in the hole in the cliff that was the grave 'cause the army guys were there and the stone that they put there might be too big for them to move.

But they didn't have to worry. Jesus had already busted out of the grave like he said he would. This makes the army guys worried, and when they saw an angel there that didn't help much either. So they went and tells one of the wheels in the church what happened. This makes him scared too 'cause he remembers what Jesus siad about bustin' out of the grave. So he pays a bribe to the army guys and says, "Tell the people that the Jesus gang came and took him away." This would make the Jesus gang look like grave robbers and everybody hated them and that would be the end of them. But it didn't work that way.

While this was happenin' the Mary's get to the grave and find that all the worryin' about how they are gonna get in is for nothin', that Jesus is busted out. First they didn't get it or remember and they think that some grave robbers have been there. Then the angel tells them what happened and that everything's right on schedule. Well, they goes to get two of the other guys. They meets Peter and John and tells them what the score is and they start to run like crazy to the grave. John can run the fastest so he gets there first. Sure enough, Jesus has busted out. John who is a pretty brave guy goes right in the grave and picks up the rags that the body got wrapped in. He figures that the only way that it can get where it is, is that Jesus musta got up. So the four of them figures out that Jesus told the truth and leveled with them when he said he couldn't get killed and that he must be alive somewhere.

But he was right near there, 'cause Mary started to cry; and bawl like women do when things don't go right for them. Then she heard someone speak to her. She's got so many tears that she don't see who it is and thought that it was a guard or somethin' like that. So she says, "Man, where did you take Jesus?" But it was Jesus who was talking and he says, "Mary," very nice-like. This time she knows who is talkin' and boy, is she happy. So she goes and tells the rest of the gang, and they wall all happy too.

Then Jesus tells her that he had to go back to heaven where his father lived but that he would still be with them. But they didn't get that bit at all.

By Anita S.
Author--Carl F. Burke

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INTERVIEW WITH AN EXPECTANT RESIDENT

A lot of us think that doing our time is hard. How would you like to be incarcerated the entire length of your pregnancy? A lot of the women inside have to put up with this situation. Here are some of the thoughts of one:

Q: When did you first find out about your pregnancy?

A. Three weeks after I was incarcerated.

Q. What was your reaction to this news?

A. Actually, I almost fainted and I had to sit down.

Q. Were you happy?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you have apprehensions you might not feel if you were were not in this institution?

A. It's a little bit scary, and I feel alone. If my mom and husband were here, I would not feel fearful. There are so many questions that a pregnant woman likes to ask, but I can't run around asking people, where I could ask my mom.

Q. Talking to the women who have already had kids does not help much, does it?

A. No, too many wives's tales. It doesn't help at all. The way people scream, described to me in detail, scares me to death. Also, being told I would miscarry if I went swimming dampened my spirits on my swimming T.A.P. After all, the horrible things I hear, when I ask if they would go through again with it, the answer is usually "yes".

Q. Do you notice any emotional change being pregnant?

A. I don't know if it's an emotional change or just my incarceration, but lots of times I find myself close to tears.

Q. Q. We all realize that you would rather be on the street, especially at this time, but can you tell how this would be particularly beneficial for you and the baby?

A. I think it would be extremely beneficial if the baby and I not be separated because then the mother and child ties cannot be broken in any way. Being here, after five days I must do without him, and he without me. This thought really brings on the tears.

Q. Do you have anything to say to the others in the same situation?

A. Yes, keep on writing for early parole. I know I am. Keep on looking forward to the day the baby is born. Be content being pregnant, and other things will fall in place. I think God must have a reason for my being pregnant in jail the same as he has reasons for everyone like me. Babies are gifts.

Marge C.

LIBRARY GROUPBooks, Books, BooksTHE STORY OF SANDY by Susan Stanhope Wexler

A story about a foster parent who refused to believe her little boy was hopelessly retarded. Very good novel.

MENTAL HEALTH OR MENTAL ILLNESS by William Glasser, M.D.

This book informs its readers of the fact that Mental Health may be considered one of the largest public health problems today and suggests how it may be dealt with.

A CAULDRON OF WITCHES by Clifford Lindsey Alderman

This is the fascinating story of witchcraft through the ages and into modern times.

I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN by Hannah Green

This is an extraordinary best-seller about a seventeen year old girl who hid from life in the seductive world of madness. Absorbing!

Anita S.

YOU FOREVER by Tuesday Lobsan Rampa

Dr. Rampa presents each reader with the key with which they can explore the occult world themselves. This extraordinary author gives step by step lessons on how to attempt and to succeed in meditation, astro-projection, and increase one's psychic powers to a high degree. This book deals with relaxation in normal human consciousness and exploration of inner sub-conscious. Included topics are visualizing the auric sheath, powers of clairvoyance, Karma, and determination of the purpose of Life On Earth. This is an excellent novel for all interested in the occult.

Cathy S.

DEMIAN by Hermann Hesse

This is a short, but deep story of human awareness. It deals with "if there is no evil, then there is no good". It tells how man develops his own 'sign' or individuality and character. Everybody interprets experiences in different ways (you will be amazed how Demian interprets the Biblical story of Cain slaying his brother!), and therefore strives towards our own goal and self-possession. Many of us can place ourselves in the same type of experiences which the main character becomes involved in, and this makes the story very enjoyable and interesting. I highly recommend this novel to all.

Cathy S.

DAVID COPPERFIELD BY CHARLES DICKENS

This is one of Dickens' best, if not his best book. The characters in this book, David's nurse Peggoty, the improvident Mr. Micawber, the handsome, charming Steerforth, David's childhood friend, and the especially treacherous Uriah Heep will probably stand out in your mind forever. The book deals with the life of a boy, from his birth on, in 19th century England. It's a heartwarming, heartbreaking story with many humorous parts which I think anyone who reads will enjoy.

4 BOOKS OF POETRY BY ROD MCKUEN

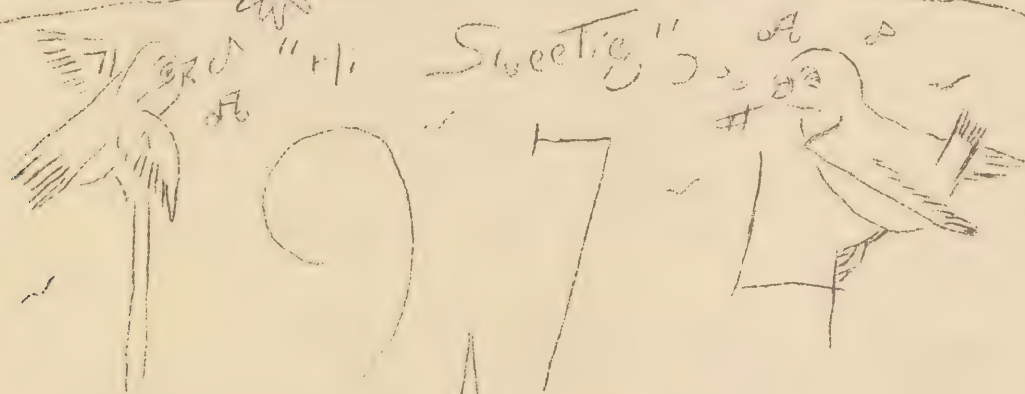
One of my favorite poets, although his poems are not necessarily great, they deal with his own feelings and experiences. His work is easy to read and understand. The titles of his four books in our library are, "Caught in the Quiet," "Listen to the Warm", "Carols of Christmas", "New Ballads", the two best being, "Caught in the Quiet" and "Listen to the Warm." Good books for people who like poetry but don't want to get too deep.

Linda C.

WE THE LIVING BY AYN RAND

For those who enjoy reading about the social and economic structure of a country, power struggles, and like a mesmerizing plot, will truly enjoy this book. As you progress into the book, you will become totally aware of history constantly repeating itself, and the possibility of events happening today or in the very near future, which could affect your life, living in a free democratic society of this century.

Eddie Mc.



GOOD-BYE

As this is my last month here, I would like to thank all the Staff for the kindness shown to me. I also want to thank all the girls in Cottage #3 for putting up with me. I will remember you always and wish you the best in the coming years.

I never contributed to the paper and this will be the last chance I get to thank each and everyone. God Bless You and Yours. Here is a poem I hope you will remember.

Barb D.

CLIMB TILL YOUR DREAM COMES TRUE

Often your tasks will be many,
And more than you think you can do,
Often the road will be rugged
And the hills insurmountable too,
But always remember, the hills ahead,
Are never as steep as they seem.
And with faith in your heart, start upward,
And climb till you reach your dream,
For nothing in life that is worthy,
Is ever too hard to achieve.
If you have the courage to try it,
And you have the faith to believe,
Faith is a force that is greater,
Than Knowledge, or power or skill.
And many defeats turn to triumph,
If you trust in God's wisdom and will,
For Faith is a mover of mountains,
There's nothing that God cannot do,
So start out today with faith in your heart,
And climb till your dreams come true.

Barb D.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a golden chain,
The links are friends so dear
And like a rare and precious jewel,
It's treasured more each year.
It's clasped together firmly,
With a love that's deep and true,
And it's rich with happy memories,
And fond recollections too.
Time can't destroy its beauty,
For, as long as memory lives,
Years can't erase the pleasures,
That the joy of friendship gives.
For friendship is a priceless gift,
That can't be bought or sold,
But to have an understanding friend,
Is worth far more than gold.
And the golden chain of friendship,
Is a strong and blessed tie,
Binding kindred hearts together,
As the years go passing by.

Barbara D.

WHERE THERE IS LOVE

Where there is love the heart is light,
Where there is love the day is bright.
Where there is love there is a song.
To help when things are going wrong.
Where there is love, there is a smile,
To make all things seem more worth while.
Where there is love, there's quiet peace,
A tranquil place where turmoils cease.
Love changes darkness into light,
And makes the heart take wingless flight,
Oh, blest are they, who walk in love.
They also walk with God above,
And when man walks with God again,
There shall be peace on earth for men.

Barbara D.



"Well, what's your
Excuse this time, Anita S.
Terry G.

Barabara D.

3. Dallas

"Hill
 there."

Vanier Center

Vanier is a place for bad little girls
 Too bad it's not for little boys too.
 So as the situation stands
 Some indulge in what's at hand,
 Don't get me it's not a crime
 Although: It's known to be.

A Special Friend

If you have someone
 Who sits and takes the time
 To help you sort your feelings
 Then you've found the one.

If you have found a woman
 Or if you like a man
 Who can make you really happy
 Then you can settle down.

If you do find someone
 Whom you can really turn to
 Congratulations, cause you have found
 A very special friend!!

Gail B.

A Smile

A smile does not cost you much,
 and a lonely heart it will touch.
 It will bring someone cheer,
 and will dry a falling tear.
 So scatter a little sunshine everywhere,
 to show someone, someone does care.

Sally B.
 (Robert's Sister)

ROGUE'S GALLERY	
in order	Vera H. Leslie C. Cathy L.

GOD HATH PROMISED

God hath not promised skies always blue,
 Flowers strewn pathways, all our lives through.
 God hath not promised sun without rain,
 Joy without sorrow, Peace without pain.
 God hath not promised we shall not know
 Toil, temptation, trouble and woe.
 He hath not promised we shall not bear
 Many a burden, many a care.
 But God hath promised strength for the day,
 Rest for the laborer, light for the way,
 Grace for the trials, help from above,
 Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

Submitted By Lena E..
 Written by "Brad" at Burwash.

CAGED IN

I take my freedom
 Lest I die
 For pride runs through my veins
 no blood
 and principles
 support me so that
 I
 with lifted head see
 Liberty
 Not sky!
 For I am she who
 dares to say
 I shall be free, or dead today.

Eddie M.

NONSENSE SPEAKS OUT

Have you ever sat
 listening
 to a discussion
 with a lot
 of people talking?
 Really having nothing to
 say.

Eddie M.

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MOTHER

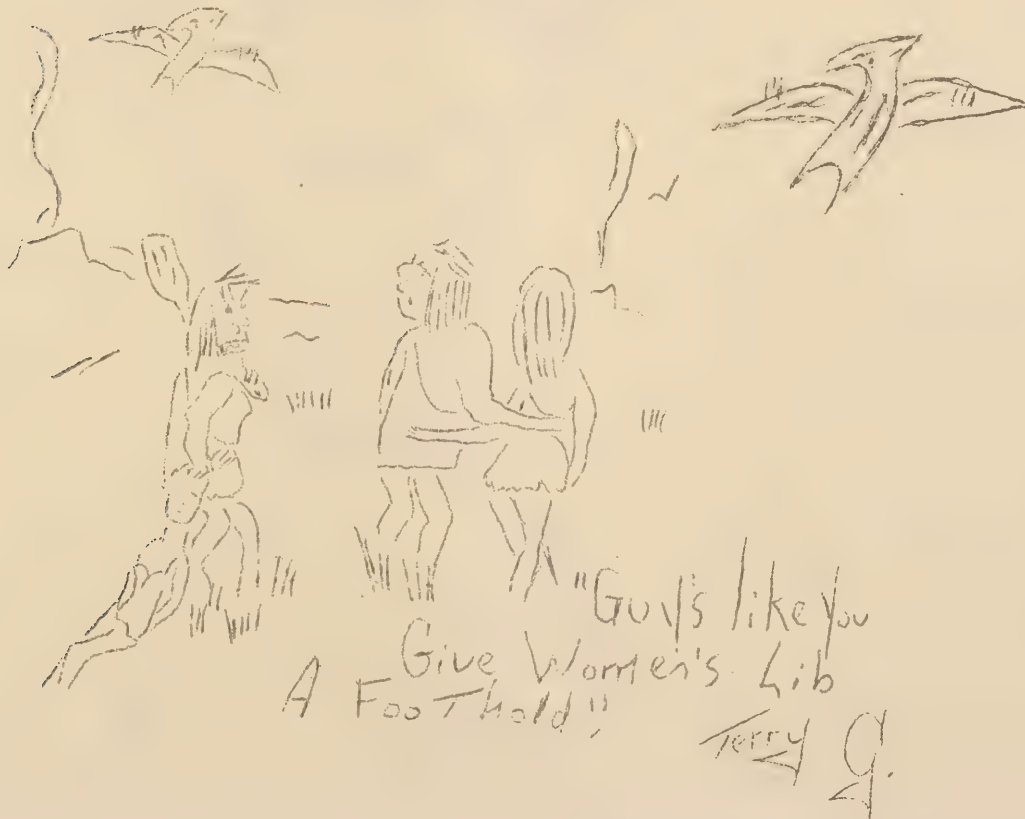
When dawn comes round I'm still yearning,
The pain in my heart, makes me blue.
I can't believe you're not returning,
I can't forget the love I knew.

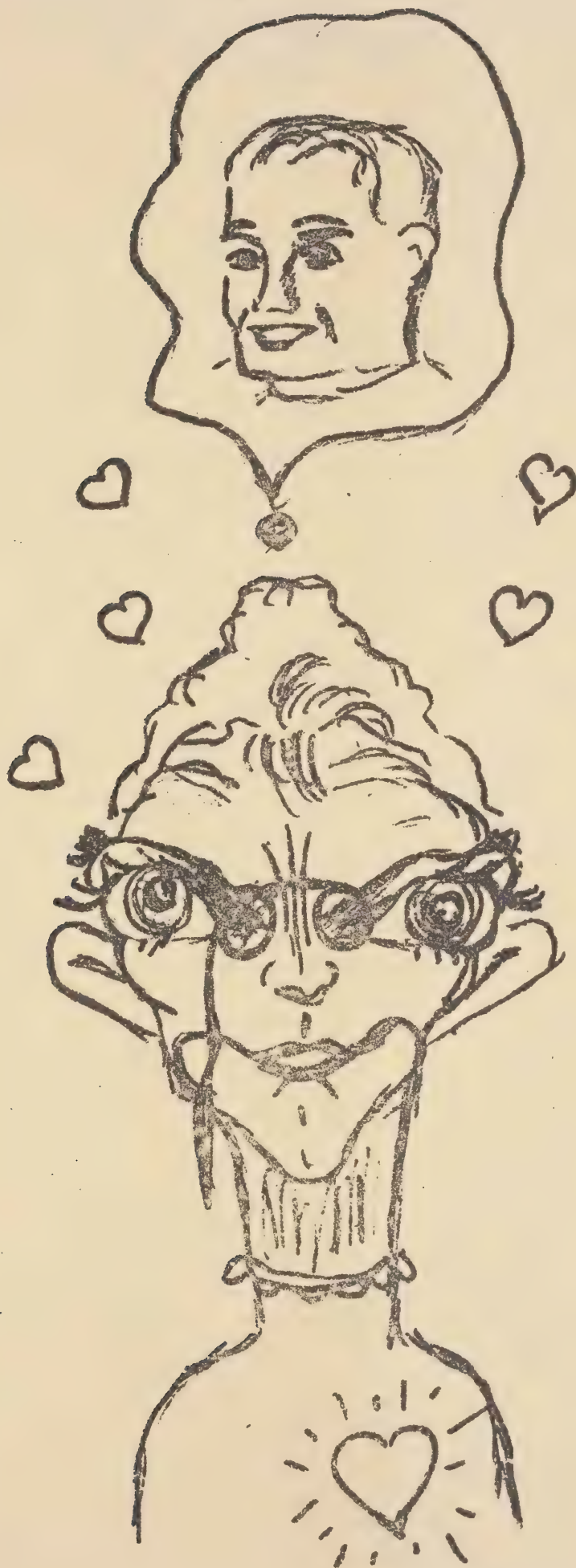
Though the years fade memories, I remember a tender rose,
That never ceased to blossom, as the years would come and go.
She walked beside me, down life's tangled paths.
She was always there to comfort me when I was lonely and sad,
She was always there when I needed her whether night or day,
And loving hands would reassure me when sickness came my way.

When darkness fell, she was near me, to reassure me I know,
And all those hugs that she gave me meant she loved me so.
Warm and happy memories, those that time can't erase,
A kind of love that deepens with a Mother's fond embrace.
A love and understanding through the months and years gone by,
That made me wish that all Mothers, would never say goodbye.

The moon comes up I'm still pining,
Still standing alone with my blues.
In heaven a new star is shining,
It seems to whisper I LOVE YOU

Clement V.





To think that
one as old as I,
Could sit and
watch as love
goes by

Would be a
foolish thought
indeed

For love is
something
that we need

one of the

and w
the

road b. w
school

7-11-11

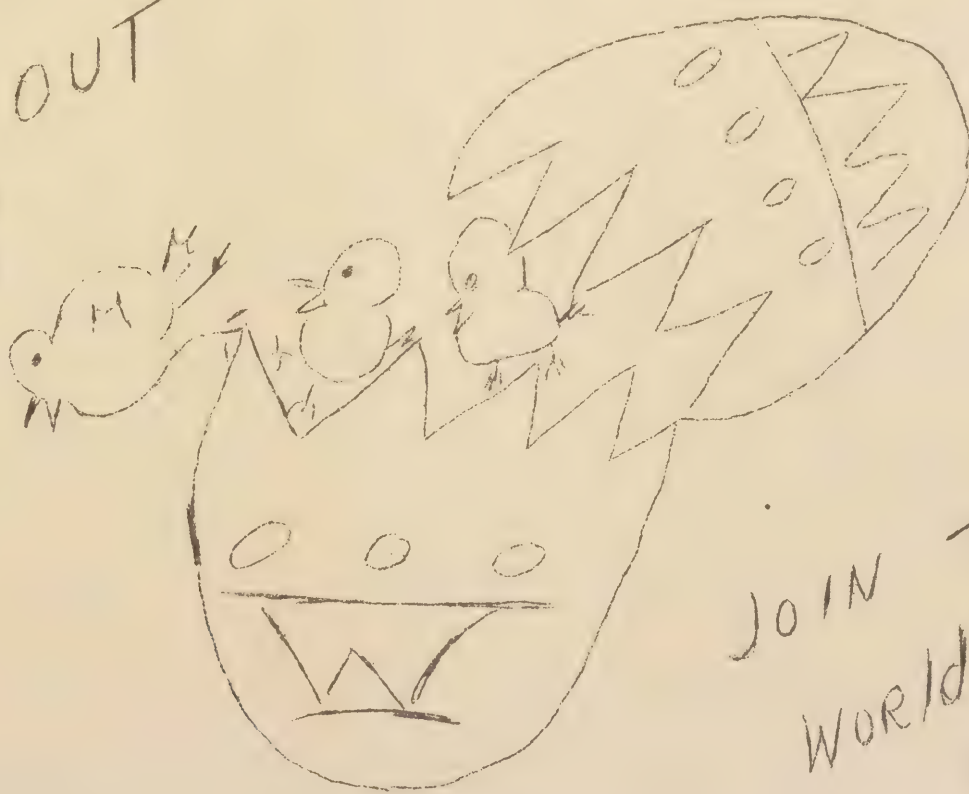
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APRIL

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

COME OUT



JOIN THE
WORLD-

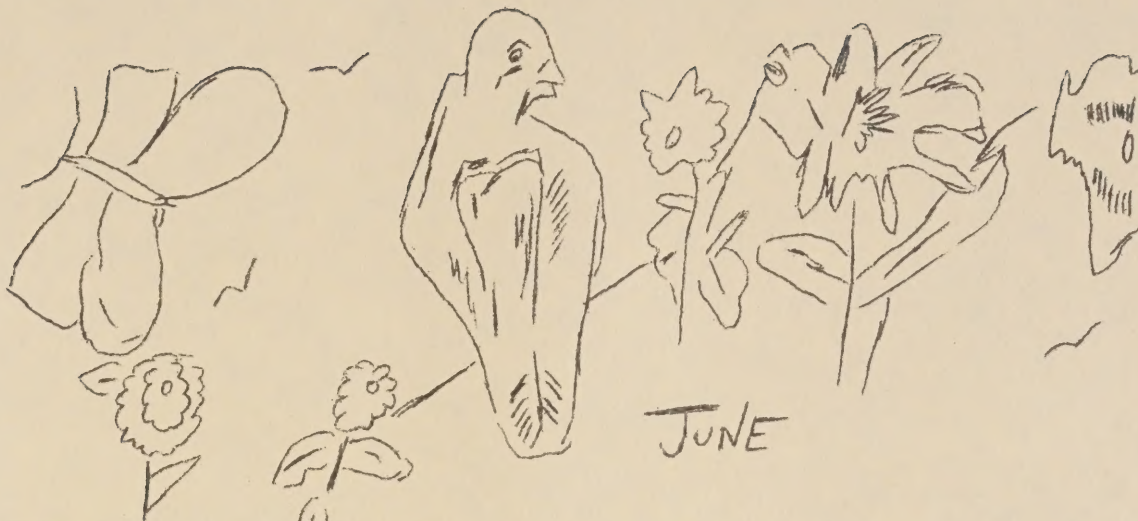
A. S. COTT

1907
1908





SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
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Sun	MON	TUES	Wed	THURS	Fri	SAT
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A. SCOTT



Sum	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
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53/54	54	52	50	54	50	54